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PHIL'S PARD.

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AUTHOR OF 'THE TUTTLEBURY TALES,' 'THE TENDERFOOT INK-SLINGER,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—'PHILOSSIFER PHIL.'

'WHEN I hear philanthropists,' wrote the genial Artemus, 'bewailin' the fack that every year "carries the noble red man nearer the settin' sun," I simply have to say I'm glad of it, tho' it is rough on the settin' sun.'

George Catlin, the friend of, and for eight years sojourner among various tribes of, the 'untutored child of Nature,' admitted 'that on all Indian frontiers . . . there are two classes of Indian society; the one nearest to civilisation, where they have become degraded and impoverished, and their character changed by civilised teaching, and their worst passions inflamed, and jealousies excited by the abuses practised amongst them.' In another place he refers to 'the terrible Apaches, with their long lances, and their lasso always in hand, before whom the Californian gold-diggers are constantly trembling.'

And Philossifer Phil of Plummer's has more than once been heard to remark sententiously, 'I reckon if thar's any good in a Injun, his hide is too pesky tough to let it out onless yew skin him fust!'

These are the thoughts of Western thinkers. Maybe you never heard of Philossifer Phil in that category before, or maybe you never even heard of him at all? That is your misfortune. The camp has a finer name now, for it is altogether a finer place; but if you had known Plummer's in the old hustling days of the late sixties, when things out West were pretty brisk—when the silver epidemic was still raging fiercely, and the gold fever had not yet been entirely stamped out, and when renegade Indian chiefs were supplying exercise and adventure for those cavalry officers whose tastes for pursuit and bloodshed had not been satiated by the late civil war—then

you would have known Philossifer Phil, and, knowing him, would have respected him, for truer heart never beat under red flannel shirt. He was not a man of many words—great thinkers seldom are; but when he had occasion to use it, his tongue was pointed pretty accurately at the mark, and the same might be said of his derring. Not that he was fond of using deadly weapons; for although his body was big enough, his soul was not little enough to allow him to play the contemptible part of bully. Phil had killed his man certainly—not to mention a few Indians—and small blame to him too, when in those lawless days 'a dead man to breakfast,' as the old phrase went, was a common item in the day's *menu* in that rough-and-tumble Western existence; but in justice be it said that he had never taken human life, white or red, save in self-defence and in defence of the helpless and innocent. The advice he once gave to a new chum forcibly illustrates his own policy: 'Don't yer let hard words gravel yer! Cussin' never so much ez gave a blue jay the rinderpest; but when a galoot draws iron on yer, an' you kin see Kingdom Come up the bar'l of his gun, shoot quick an' shoot straight ef you wanten save thet man from bein' a murderer!'

Nobody knew where Philossifer Phil came from. When the year before a wandering gold prospector named Caleb Plummer had crossed the Grand Cañon out of California and had chanced upon the precious metal near a water-hole in north-west Arizona, he had been one of the first on the spot—had apparently dropped from the clouds—and had remained a prominent citizen of the camp ever since. The luck at Plummer's was streaky—a streak of good and a streak of

bad, and the streaks of bad were considerably the thickest. The lodes were generally thin and poor; there were no 'jeweller's shops' to make a man wealthy at a single stroke of the pick; supplies were difficult to procure. So the camp never rose to the dignity of an important gold centre, and it would probably have been wiped off the face of the earth in a few years had not an enterprising silver mining company come along and lighted up its smelting fires on the spot, and so warmed up the unknown little gold camp into a silver city. Still, though they had never 'struck it rich,' Phil and his partner had through sheer hard work and dogged perseverance done very well at Plummer's. But Phil had no partner now. A fall of dirt in the tunnel had done it, and by the time the philosopher had dragged the companion of his daily toil up the flume he was little more than a mass of bruised, bleeding clay. There was no hope. Once, as the big, strong miner held the sufferer in his arms, the closed eyes opened and a look of intelligence passed between them. Sometimes when you looked into Phil's own eyes they appeared gray and steely, like the blade of a bowie knife, and sometimes they were blue. They were blue now—blue and soft, like the eyes of a mother nursing her dying child, for Phil had learned to love the young, high-spirited lad who had come into that chapter of his life which began at Plummer's, and had shared his hut and his fortunes. Why and how and whence he came, the older man never inquired. It was no business of his.

'Dear old Phil!' whispered the dying man with a great effort, 'my claim's worked out! Will you write—tell'—. Then a spasm of pain crossed his face, and his words ended in a heavy groan.

'Mother, pard?' inquired the rough-handed nurse softly, as he wiped the bloody froth from the other's lips.

'Dead!' came faintly.

'Father?'

'Dead!'

'Sisters or brothers?'

'Got none!'

Phil could see his lips framing the words, yet no sounds came from them. The eyes were closed again. Life was ebbing fast away. Another minute, and all would be over. The doomed man was wrestling hip and thigh with death, yet he would not die until his last wish was spoken. It was awful. The veins in his temples swelled like black mountain torrents on a snow-clad mountain-side. His body writhed and quivered in terrible convulsions; the nails of his clenched fingers dug deep into the horny palms of his hands. The ghastly sweat of the death-agony poured down his drawn cheeks.

'I, Harry Haliday, do give and bequeath,' he gasped, and his words came in short, screaming gusts, 'all my share to my cousin, Jim Annersley—of—Carville—near Springfield—Illinois. Good-bye, Phil—it's—bed-rock at last!' His jaw fell. Phil's pard was dead.

The philosopher of Plummer's laid his burden gently back on the bunk, and took off the dead man's boots, and closed his eyes. Then he reverently laid a clean shirt over the face of his old mate.

'Gone, pard!' he murmured gently to himself, as he drew his shirt sleeve across his eyes, 'whar the Injuns cease from troublin'!' Then he lit his pipe, and sat down on an upturned keg. 'To my cousin, Jim Annersley, of Carville,' he soliloquised, and relapsed into silence. And so, far on into the black solitude, he sat and smoked, and now and then his heart echoed the words, 'Whar the Injuns cease from troublin', and Philosifer Phil was very near to heaven that night.

These things had happened some weeks before, and led to what I want to tell you about.

The mail had come in at Plummer's—a somewhat uncertain event. I wish you could have seen Philosifer Phil that morning as he stood in the doorway of his hut with a business-looking envelope in his hand addressed to 'Philip Marpleson, Esq.' in a bold, clerky hand. He was a picture worth pausing a minute to look at. On the back of his head, the top of which was removed some six feet odd inches from the soles of his feet, he wore an old slouch-hat that became him well, and well framed the honest, hairy, mahogany-coloured face with its big brown beard. A shiny seam across one cheek-bone was the lasting memento of a flying visit from a Sioux arrow, and the nick in one ear had been left by a Confederate bullet as it sang 'Hail Columbia!' past his head. A red flannel shirt, picturesquely patched with blue serge, open at the throat, and tucked up above the elbows, and a pair of stained moleskin trousers with the bottoms thrust into a pair of big cowhide boots and belted round the waist, completed the outward miner.

The half-breed who had brought over the letters from the nearest station, some forty miles away, had brought also more terrible news than was contained in Uncle Sam's mail-bag; and, as Phil finished reading his letter, noisy tokens of wild excitement reached him from the direction of Tilliper's Bar, where many of the miners had assembled upon the first intimation that the mail was in, and amidst the general racket he heard alarmed voices crying, 'The Apaches are coming!' 'The Injuns are on the warpath!' These were cries to scare a man of more than average courage, for they spelled blood and rapine, torture and death, a sweeping of the country with fire and desolation, the visitation of a fiendish savagery that has already lapped blood, and is athirst with an insatiable, flaming frenzy for more. Yet Phil's features betrayed no emotion—only his eyes grew a little more steely. He was thinking deeply and quickly, and it was only on the most extraordinary occasions that any active partnership existed between his thoughts and the muscles of his face.

Down at Tilliper's Bar the wildest consternation prevailed. Around the dust-covered half-breed who had brought the intelligence were gathered a few incredulous spirits, making him repeat his story over and over again; but the greater portion of the crowd were more than satisfied with the first recital, and were wildly discussing the situation. At length a grizzly old fellow in the corner, called Surly Tim on account of his disposition—natural or acquired—suddenly interposed with:

'Which it seems to me you air a lot of dunder-headed, copper-plated and brass-riveted, lop-ear idjets!' (The miners at Plummer's were accus-

tomed to this style of oratory from Surly Tim, for his growls usually commenced in this, or a similar fashion.) 'Whar's Philossifer Phil? Thar ain't a leveller-headed galoot in all Arizony, —skursely! an' I reckon he's the man to take a holt on this yer Injun boom, an' wrestle with it!' And the crowd immediately took up the cry and demanded of itself, 'Whar's Phil? Whar's Philossifer Phil?' And, as of old when the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain; so now, when the mountain of wisdom gave no sign of putting in an appearance at Tilliper's Bar, Tilliper's Bar made a move towards the mountain.

As many of the excited citizens of Plummer's as conveniently, or rather as *inconveniently*, could, squeezed themselves into Phil's hut, where they found that sage seated on his bunk smoking, while his fingers apparently toyed with an ugly, murderous-looking six-shooter. The rest gathered round the doorway as near as they possibly could, and tried to get nearer, in order to hear the words of wisdom that should fall from the lips of this Western oracle.

'Is this a circus or a camp-meeting?' inquired Phil blandly of his numerous visitors, without looking up.

'No, it ain't; it's Injuns!' one of the foremost replied, eagerly; and a silence fell on the crowd that lasted until Phil broke it by drawing: 'Wa—all?' which encouraged the spokesman to proceed.

'The reservation Injuns at Little Bear Springs hev broke out an' jined Arrow Nose an' his braves, an' they're jest raisin' Merry Hamlet over the hull kinty—burnin' every shanty they strike, an' makin' the folk in 'em inter sassidge-meat!'

'Wa—all?' as coolly as before.

'Durn it, Phil, you don't quite ketch on!' cried another, provoked into speech by the philosopher's imperturbability in such a crisis. 'These yer Apache demons hev got the drop on a cavalry command of twenty government troopers an' a officer sent out on their trail, an' hev wiped every mother's son of 'em offen the face of the airth, cep'tin' two scouts ez outrid 'em an' got clar away! Ain't that c'reck, 'Renzo?'

'Wa—all?' replied Phil, carelessly laying down the revolver on the bunk beside him, and leisurely taking up a repeating rifle, through the barrel of which he commenced to pull a greasy swab tied to the end of a piece of string by way of varying his amusement. It appeared as if nothing would arouse him to a proper sense of the general danger that threatened.

'An' they've roused out Comyns an' his boys at Comyns' Ranch, an' shot 'em down on the fly, an' they burned the station at Black Rock an' roasted old Peg an' his wife!—Phil, you don't 'pear to git our drift! Blame my cats ef I ever knowed you so slow to tumble afore! Here's these yer pesky redskins maybe prospectin' round the camp jest this very minute, layin' for to cut the liver outen every white atween here an' Prescott, an' you don't 'pear to keer no more'n ef it was a Fourth of July celebration!'

The next instant nobody appeared to be anxious to accuse Phil any longer of inertia, for in a flash he was on his feet, his revolver thrust in the faces of the foremost of the crowd. Sparks seemed to blaze from his eyes as though they had

struck flint. His finger was on the trigger. In his other hand he held the barrel of the repeating-rifle, and in a deep, ringing voice that pierced right through the ear and trickled down the spine and then branched out into cold shivers, he cried: 'Scoot!—quit!'

And they quitted.

Phil's attitude was so sudden—so unexpected—so electrifying, that the miners, taken thoroughly aback, tumbled out of the hut faster than they had come in, and the doorway was the scene of a dozen surging red shirts and heaving slouch-hats fighting to get out into the open. One only remained—Surly Tim, and as Phil slipped his derringer into his pocket and laid the rifle once more on the bunk, the other shuffled up to his side, and, poking his knuckles into the philosopher's ribs, grunted, with a malicious grin at the retreating figures: 'Which it 'pears to me, pard, you ruther got the bulge on 'em thet time!'

Phil laughed a low, significant laugh, which reached the fugitives as they burst out of the hut, and arrested them.

'Say, Phil, you played it ruther low down us thet time!' remarked one of the former spokesmen, as the returning tide shoved him again inside the hut.

Then up and spake Surly Tim in his hour of triumph, for he alone saw through Phil's feint and read unaided the lesson it was intended to teach:

'Which it 'pears to me, you blamed, white-livered innercents, that you air a durned sight fitter to be soakin' cat-lap in a nussery than fightin' Injuns in Arizony! I reckon a stranger would hev come to the conclusion that you hadn't been in this yer climate long enough to git your hoofs toughened, foolin' away vallyable time jerkin' chin-music 'bout Apaches while Philossifer Phil was gittin' his guns ready to fight 'em right under yer noses an' you couldn't tumble no more'n a clam! If you ain't ready for one bully boy, how the thunder will you be located when a thousand yelling Injuns hand their keerds in?'

The crowd received Tim's stinging sneer silently, and waited for Phil to speak.

'You've heearn what Surly Tim has to say,' he remarked quietly; 'wall, ram thet down the bar'ls of your shootin'-irons an' keep it thar; an' you kin ram this yer down, too, for a wad: When you heearn that Gen. Grant is a-comin' to Plummer's in a railroad-keer you kin git ready to meet him when you see him; but when you heearn that Injuns is prospectin' round to jump the camp you be ready for 'em jest twenty-four hours afore they come!'

The miners conferred together very earnestly for a few minutes just outside the hut door. At length they approached Phil once more, and the spokesman announced the result of their deliberations.

'Say, Phil,' he began, 'we've been chawin' this thing over, an' it pans out like this—Plummer's is unanimous thet the defence of Plummer's should be organised agen the chance attack of Apaches; an' we air of opinion thet you air the one man to boss this yer show agen these yer ornery redskin cusses, an' I reckon'—

'You kin reckon, but you ain't in it,' replied

Phil. 'I calkerlate my business for the next three or mebbe four days is all located and staked out. I'm a-goin' to hunch it back to Cruz with 'Renzo to meet my new pard an' tote him along to Plummer's, for he's a tenderfoot an' might mistake Arrow Nose for Kit Carson an' die in his boots.'

SOLDIERS I HAVE MET.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to H.M. Forces;
Author of *How to be Happy though Married, &c.*

It is a mistake to think that all soldiers are alike. Putting a red or a blue coat upon a man does not greatly alter him, and much human nature will always be found underneath. All sorts and conditions of men join the army, and this is one reason why I have found it so interesting to study soldiers during the twenty years I have had the honour to serve as Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces.

There is one way you can always tell that a man has served a good while in the army. He will invariably begin to address you in these words: 'Beg pardon, sir.' In my experience, soldiers are a very well-mannered set of men. When I visit a barrack-room the inmates stand to attention, and there is a little awkwardness upon both sides until the polite man who does the honours of the room puts us at our ease by his good-humoured answer to a question asked, or in some other way.

A common specimen is the pipe-clay soldier. Whenever you see him he is putting pipe-clay upon his straps and belts. It is the element in which he lives. He never thinks of anything outside his regiment or company. If he re-engages in the army, as he generally does, he becomes a machine-man.

An old soldier on Christmas-day was carrying a plum-pudding from the cook-house to his barrack-room. A sergeant who happened to be behind him shouted out 'Attention!' Down went the hands of this creature of habit to his side, and down went the dish. We may laugh at this, but we cannot help admiring the man who is a soldier at heart, and who likes his profession. Nor is it a bad thing for any of us to be willing to be wound-up like a clock and made to go right.

An opposite kind of soldier is he who does not care anything about the army, and has only joined it for his own convenience. He had a row with his father, his employer, or his sweetheart. He committed some offence, which he wished to conceal. He took it into his head that a soldier had only to dress well and walk about with a cane in his hand. This sort of man does not do his own work when he enlists, and takes particular care not to do that of any one else. When he is not in punishment cells, he is in the hospital, pretending to be sick. I once knew a driver of this kind in the Horse Artillery. He always absented himself or went sick on the approach of hard work, as, for instance, after the battery had been route marching, and the horses and harness were particularly dirty. The authorities could do nothing with him, but he was brought to his senses by a barrack-room court-martial

held by those who were tired of doing his work.

In a military hospital a pathetic case came under my notice of a man making a convenience of the army. He was far gone in consumption, and he told me that he enlisted to obtain the height of his ambition, what he considered a very grand thing—a military funeral. How the poor fellow managed to outwit the doctor and get into the army I do not know; probably he exchanged with some one else.

Another man once gave to me as his reason for enlisting that he wanted to learn to read. He had escaped so successfully the School Board inspector, and had been such a truant when a boy, that he grew up quite illiterate. Being ashamed of his ignorance, he thought he would learn something quietly in a military school.

'Believe me, sir,' said an old soldier to me the other day, 'few men enlist in the army except from hunger or drunkenness.' This was an extreme opinion in one direction on a subject that is frequently discussed in the newspapers—the quantity and quality of recruits.

'Now then, gentlemen privates, take up your coal,' I lately heard a soldier say to his companions in a coal-carrying fatigue party. This was a little bit of gentle satire in reference to the men of superior character, education, and social position who are supposed to be now enlisting by those who take a somewhat too rose-coloured view of our recruits. As generally happens, the truth lies between these two extremes.

Talk of the vanity of women; in my experience that of men is quite as great. Certainly a large number of young fellows enlist simply for the sake of 'the clothes.' After a cavalry regiment or a battery of horse artillery passes through their town, they think that they would like to look 'so handsome, brave, and grand,' and enlist.

Not long since a soldier complained to me about the 'cruelty' of his commanding officer, who was trying to prevent the men of his regiment from cultivating a little curl (called a 'quiff') on each side of the forehead. 'I would rather,' he said most solemnly, 'lose an arm than have my front hair cut too short.'

On the other hand, I once heard from a man in a military prison an adventure which showed that he did not object to make himself a scarecrow on an emergency. He had deserted from the station hospital ten months before the time I saw him in durance vile for the offence. Knowing that when he went into hospital all his kit would have been put into store, and that even if he succeeded in getting out of the hospital grounds, he could not have gone far, in the blue flannel clothes worn by sick soldiers, without attracting attention, I asked him how he managed to pass the sentry at the hospital gate and get more presentable clothes. After describing how he had climbed the wall on a dark night, I asked, 'What did you do for clothes?' 'I had noticed,' he replied, 'one day from a window of the hospital that in a potato field not far away there was a scarecrow, with hat, coat, and trousers all complete. I took these in exchange for my hospital clothes, and got away safely, but so miserable was I, that after a few weeks I gave myself up. The scarecrow clothes prevented me from getting work, so I was glad to pick up a few

coppers by singing a hymn (I knew no songs) which was a common one at our church parade.

At a review at Aldershot, two foreign princes, not knowing their way, drove up to a sentry and asked: 'Do you know where the Prince of Wales or the Duke of York is?' 'No, sir,' replied Thomas Atkins, 'I don't know myself, but I'll ask my mate. He knows all the public-houses about here.'

We are happy to say that this sort of man is not nearly as common now as he was when the writer entered the service. The attention that has been bestowed upon the food and surroundings of the soldier, his better education, and the interest now taken in him by earnest people, have affected a great change for the better in his drinking habits.

The first day I visited a military hospital, after arriving at Malta some years ago, a big artilleryman, finding that I was a newcomer, kindly cautioned me by relating his own supposed experience. 'But, above all, sir,' he said, 'don't be taking up with that teetotalism; it is sure to give you the fever. Now, look at me, I'm a man who always took his pot, and for the first two years I was in Malta I drank ten pints of beer every day. Then I thought that as I was leaving the service it was about time for me to put by a little bit of money, and I went on the dead, as we say. The very next day I got the fever, and if I get over it I'll watch giving up my ten pints a day.' Not a word about the ten pints causing the fever!

Mentioning this reply to a young officer, he told me what another bibulous gunner had said to his commanding officer that morning, on being asked if he had any excuse to give for being drunk. 'It's like this, sir,' he said. 'I had been stationed at Fort D'— (a remote little fort where beer could not be obtained), 'and when I came into headquarters and tasted the beer I own I did take a few quarts!' A soldier once told me that he believed every man drank as much as he could afford. 'What about the Duke of Westminster then?' I asked, 'whose income is a thousand pounds a day, and who is said to be a total abstainer.' The man looked, incredulous and perplexed, and said: 'Then, sir, he must be mad.'

When I was chaplain at Netley Hospital, a medical officer told me that he heard a man say to himself when recovering from chloroform: 'Well, in all my life I never had such a cheap drink!' Soldiers are beginning to have more sense, and to learn that excess of drink is never cheap.

The mention of Netley recalls to my mind a thing that occurred when I was there. A staff officer was superintending the disembarkation of time-expired men, invalids, and other soldiers from a troopship which had just arrived at Portsmouth from India. The officer went up to a party of men who were drawn up upon the jetty waiting for orders to proceed, and asked them: 'Who are you, and what are you doing here?' 'Please, sir, we are the lunatics!' was the startling answer. These lunatics were on their way to the military asylum at Netley, which is situated a short distance from the hospital. Here, every Sunday morning, I had a service, and I must say that never did I see

a congregation better behaved or more attentive.

But there are other kinds of hospitals in the army besides those for curing bodily diseases. These are provost cells and military prisons. To one of the former in a foreign station a man used to come very often, and when he was going out on one occasion I expressed a hope that he would not come back, and said that it would be much better for himself if he did not. He replied that he could not agree with me, for he did not think it well for a soldier to be altogether without crime. 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Well, sir, it's this way. If a man is never made a prisoner and brought to the orderly-room, his commanding officer forgets all about him; but if he commits a few crimes and then pulls himself together, the colonel will say: "So-and-so has been giving no trouble lately; we must do something for him." So they look out for a soft billet, and give it to him.' This is an advertising age, and people now adopt curious ways of keeping to the front and preventing themselves from being ignored; but this was the first time I had heard of the advertising advantages of crime.

There was an honesty in the confession of some of the men I have spoken to in military prisons which has quite disarmed me. I remember asking a soldier in Gosport military prison, where he had been sent from Egypt for striking a non-commissioned officer during the Soudan campaign, how it was that he came to commit such a serious military crime. 'We were expecting,' he said, 'to be attacked by the Arabs next day, and as I had been in one engagement and did not like it, I determined to do something that would get me out of another, so I struck the sergeant, knowing that I would be made a prisoner and sent home.' I could not help looking astonished at this cool confession of cowardice, and saying that I hoped and believed that he was a unique specimen of a British soldier. Thereupon the man, who was considerably above the average in intelligence and education, said: 'Excuse me, sir, but there is no use in your talking to me. I know all you could say about England expecting every man to do his duty, that I was a coward for not doing so, and all that kind of thing. I admit that I am a coward, but I can't help it.' 'Then why did you become a soldier?' I asked, and was answered in only one, but that a very expressive, word, 'Starvation.' This man was a specimen, not of what English soldiers, even the worst of them, are, but of what they, taken as a whole, are not.

A celebrated humorist, being told by a friend with whom he was arguing that he had lost his temper, said: 'I only wish I could lose it, for it is a very bad one.'

I met a soldier in prison who was equally desirous of getting rid of his temper, even at the cost of much suffering. In a rage he had threatened to strike a warder, and had insulted the governor. As he was a young soldier, the latter wished to deal with him himself, and not bring him before the visitors who would have ordered him to be flogged for so serious an offence. Discipline, however, had to be

maintained, and as long as the man was obstinate, and refused to conform to it, the governor could not spare him. He sent for me and said: 'I don't want to get No. — a flogging, but it must come to that unless he cave in and tell me that he is sorry for what has taken place. Perhaps you would go to him and ask him (it will come better from you than from me) not to make a fool of himself, and bring the cat down on his back.' I talked to the man for about an hour in his cell, when at last he said: 'The truth is, sir, I have the very devil of a temper. It has brought me into scrapes all through my life, and I don't think there is anything for it but a flogging. It's what my father and mother should have given me, and now I am determined to have my due.' And he did have it, and told me afterwards that he thought it might do him good.

It cannot be said with truth that British soldiers never grumble or 'grounce,' as they call it, for they make use of this privilege, as do the rest of their countrymen; but when they have, by 'grouncing,' eased their chests, they will go anywhere and do anything. These grouncing men are generally what are called in the army lawyers. No subject can be broached upon which the 'lawyer' is not ready to lay down the law; and as for arguing, if you say that a thing is black, he will prove to you that it cannot be anything else than white. I knew two 'lawyers,' belonging to different regiments, who got into an argument as to which of their respective corps went the farther up the Nile. Not only did they try in the end to persuade each other by fists, but they were near getting their regiments into a free fight, it being Christmas time, when soldiers are wont to take their 'enjoyment' pugnaciously. The 'lawyer' has the customs and regulations of the service at his finger-ends, yet he never seems to be able to get his 'rights.' Those who know him say that his only pleasure is to be displeased, and that he does not want to be satisfied.

English soldiers can make themselves at home when abroad much more easily than the soldiers of other nations. In Egypt they may be seen riding donkeys and camels as though they were to the manner born. As a rule they treat the natives of the countries in which they are stationed well, and sometimes even manage to chum with them, while understanding only a word or two of their language. Every native is called 'Joey' by soldiers, and every soldier is called 'Johunny' by natives. Certainly an intelligent sergeant to whom I once remarked that it was a terrible thing to have to shoot down the brave Soudanese, did say to me: 'I believe, sir, those sort of people don't mind being killed. They seem to have no feelings in them.' The sergeant was anything but a hard-hearted man, and the only thing that prevented him from pitying his black enemies was this theory about their not having the same feelings as white men.

It is not so long ago that parents spoke of a young hopeful 'going for a soldier' in much the same tone of despair as would have been used if they had announced his incarceration. This prejudice has become less and less, and is fast disappearing. Those who know soldiers are well aware that their conduct is, generally speaking,

quite as good, or perhaps, owing to discipline, rather better, than that of civilians of the same class; but those who are bad are far more conspicuous on account of their uniform, and such men tend to acquire for all a bad reputation.

MY LORD DUKE.*

By E. W. HORNUNG.

CHAPTER VII.—THE DUKE'S PROGRESS.

CLAUDE's somewhat premature despair was not justified by the event; nevertheless, it did good. Excusable enough at the time, that little human outbreak was also more effective than the longest lecture or the most mellifluous reproof. Jack liked his cousin. The liking was by no means unconnected with gratitude. And now Jack saw that he could best show his gratitude by adopting a more suitable course of conduct than he could claim to have pursued hitherto. He determined to make an effort. He had everything to learn; it was a mountainous task that lay before him; but he faced it with spirit, and made considerable progress in a little space.

He learnt how to treat the servants. The footmen had misbehaved when he addressed them as 'my boy' and 'old toucher' from his place at table. He consulted Claude, and dropped these familiarities as well as the painfully respectful tone which he had at first employed towards old Stebbings, the butler. Stebbings had been very many years in the family. The deference inspired by his venerable presence was natural enough in the new Duke of St Osmund's; but it shocked and distressed Stebbings's feudal soul. He complained to Claude, and he had not to complain twice. For Jack discovered a special and a touching eagerness to master the rudiments of etiquette; though in other matters (which certainly mattered less) he was still incorrigible.

His social 'crammer' could no more cure him of his hatred of a collar than of his liking for his cats. The latter were always with him; the former, unhappily, was not. In these things the Duke was hopelessly unregenerate; he was a stockman still at heart, and a stockman he threatened to remain. The soft summer nights were nothing to the nights in the bush; the fleecy English sky was not blue at all after the skies of Riverina; and the Duke's ideal of a man was 'my old boss.' Claude heard of 'my old boss' until he was sick of the words, which formed a constant reminder of a position most men would have been glad to forget. Yet there was much to be thankful for. There were no more 'scenes' such as the Duke's set-to in his own stable-yard with one of his own tenants. At least nothing of the sort happened again until Jack's next collision with Matthew Hunt. And that was not yet.

Matthew was from home when the Duke, making a round of the estate, with his agent, visited the lower farm in its turn. Old Hunt, Matthew's besotted father, received them in the kitchen with a bloodshot stare and little else, for drink had long dimmed his forces. Not so the old man's daughter-in-law, Matthew's wife, who showed the visitors all over the farm in a noise-

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less manner that made Jack feel uneasy, because he never knew when she was or was not at his elbow. Besides, he could not forget the thrashing he had given her husband, nor yet suppose that she had forgotten it either. The woman was of a gross type strangely accentuated by her feline quietude. She had a continual smile, and sly eyes that dropped when they encountered those of the Duke, whom they followed sedulously at all other moments. Jack seemed to know it, too; at all events he was not sorry to turn his back upon the lower farm.

'A rum lot, the Hunts!' he said at lunch. 'They're about the only folks here that I haven't cottoned to on the spot. I shall get on fine with all the others. But I can't suffer those Hunts!'

'There's no reason why you should suffer them,' observed the agent, in his well-bred drawl; for he had a more aristocratic manner than Claude himself. 'They have the best farm on the property, and they pay the smallest rent. You should think over my suggestion of this morning.'

'No, no,' said the Duke. 'He wants me to double the rent, Claude, and clear them out of that if they won't pay. I can't do it.'

'Well, no; I hardly think you can,' assented Claude. 'Oddly enough, my grandfather had quite a weakness for the Hunts; and then they are very old tenants. That hoary-headed Silenus, whom you saw, was once in the stables here; so was his son after him, in my time; and the old man's sister was my grandmother's maid. You can't turn out people like that *ex itinere*, so to speak—I mean to say in a hurry. It's too old a connection altogether.'

'Exactly what they trade upon,' said the agent. 'They have been spoilt for years, and they expect the Duke to go on spoiling them. I should certainly get rid of the whole gang.'

'No, mister—no!' declared the Duke. 'Claude is right. I can't do it. I might if I hadn't given that fellow a hiding. After that I simply can't; it would look too bad.'

The agent said no more, but his look and shrug were perhaps neither politic nor polite. A strapping sportsman himself, and a person of some polish into the bargain, he was in a position as it were to look down on Claude with one eye and on the Duke with the other. And he did so with a freedom extraordinary in one of his wisdom and understanding.

'One of these days,' said Jack, 'I shall give that joker his cheque. He's not my notion of an overseer at all; if he's too good for the billet let him roll up his swag and clear out; if he isn't, let him treat the bosses as a blooming overseer should.'

'Why, what's the head and chief of his offending now?' asked Claude; for this was one night in the billiard-room, when the agent had been making an example of both cousins at pyramids; it was after he was gone, and while the Duke was still tearing off his collar.

'What has he said to-night?' continued the poet, less poetically. 'I heard nothing offensive.'

'You wouldn't,' said the Duke; 'you're such a good sort yourself. You'd never see when a chap was pulling your leg, but I see fast enough, and I won't have it. What did he say to-night? He talked through his neck when we missed our

shots. That about billiards in the bush I didn't mind; me and the bush, we're fair game; but when he got on to your poetry, old man, I felt inclined to run my cue through his gizzard. "A poet's shot," he says, when you put yourself down; and "you should write a sonnet about that," when you got them three balls in together. I don't say it wasn't a fluke. That has nothing at all to do with it. The way the fellow spoke is what I weaken on. He wouldn't have done for my old boss, and I'm blown if he'll do for me. One of these days I shall tell him to come outside and take his coat off; and, by the looks of him, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see him put me through.'

Claude's anxiety overcame every other feeling. He implored the Duke not to make another scene, least of all with such a man as the agent, whose chaff, he truly protested, did not offend himself in the least. Jack shook his head, and was next accused of being more sensitive about the 'wretched poems' than was the poet himself. This could not have been. But Claude was not so very far wrong.

His slender book was being widely reviewed, or rather 'noticed,' for the two things are not quite the same. The 'notices,' on the whole, were good and kind, but 'uninstructed,' so Claude said with a sigh; nevertheless, he appeared to obtain a sneaking satisfaction from their perusal; and as for Jack, he would read them aloud, capering round the room and shaking Claude by both hands in his delighted enthusiasm. To him every printed compliment was a loud note blown from the trumpet of fame into the ears of all the world. He would hear not a word against the paper in which it appeared, but attributed every qualifying remark of Claude's to the latter's modesty, and each favourable paragraph to some great responsible critic voicing the feeling of the country in the matter of these poems. Claude himself, however, though frequently gratified, was not deceived; for the sweetest nothings came invariably from the provincial press; and he at least knew too much to mistake a 'notice' for a 'real review.'

The real reviews were a sadly different matter. There were very few of them, in the first place; their scarcity was worse than their severity. And they were generally very severe indeed; or they did not take the book seriously, which, as Claude said, was the unkindest cut of all.

'Only show me the fellow who wrote that,' exclaimed Jack, one morning, looking over Claude's shoulder as he opened his press-cuttings, 'and I'd give him the biggest hiding the brute ever had in his life!'

Another critic, the writer of a really sympathetic and exhaustive review, the Duke desired to invite to Maske Towers by the next post, 'because,' said Jack, 'he must be a real fine sort, and we ought to know him.'

'I do know him,' said Claude, with a groan, for he had thought of keeping the fact to himself; 'I know him to my cost. He owes me money. This is payment on account. Oh, I am no good! I must give it up! Ignorance and interest alone are at my back. Genuine enthusiasm there is none!'

There was Jack's. But was that genuine? The Duke himself was not sure. He meant it to ring

true; but then he meant to appreciate the poems; and of many of them he could make little enough in his secret soul.

All this, however, was but one side of the quiet life led by the cousins at Maske Towers. And it had but one important effect—that of sowing in Claude's heart a loyalty to Jack not unworthy of Jack's loyalty to him.

There were other subjects of discussion upon which the pair were by no means at one. There was Jack's open failure to appreciate the marble halls, the resonant galleries, and the darkling pictures of his princely home. And there was the scatter-brained scheme by which he ultimately sought to counteract the oppressive grandeur of his new surroundings.

It was extremely irritating, especially to a man like Claude; but the proudest possessions of their ancestors (whose superlative taste and inferior morals had been the byword of so many ages) were those which appealed least to that blameless Goth, the ninth Duke of St Osmund's. The most glaring case in point was that of the pictures, which alone would make the world-wide fame of a less essentially noble seat than Maske Towers. But Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Angeletti Vernet and Claude Lorrain, all these were mere names, and new ones, to Happy Jack. Claude Lafont, pointing to magnificent examples of the work of one Old Master after another, made his observations with bated breath, as well he might; for where is there such another private collection? Jack, however, was not impressed. He was merely amazed at Claude, and his remarks in the picture-gallery are entirely unworthy of reproduction. But in the State Apartments he was still more trying. He spoke of having the ancient tapestries (after Raphael's Cartoons) taken out and 'well shaken,' which, as Claude said, would have reduced them to immediate atoms. And he threatened to have the painted ceilings whitewashed without delay.

'Aurora banishing night, eh?' he cried, with horizontal beard and upturned eyes. 'She'd jolly soon banish *my* night, certainly; it should be, banishing sleep! And all those beastly little kids! They ought to be papered over, for decency's sake; and that brute of a bed, who would sleep in it, I should like to know? Not me. Not much! It must be twenty-foot high and ten-foot wide; it gives me the hump to look at it, and the ceilings give it me worse. See here, Claude, we'll lock up these State Apartments, as you call them, and you shall keep the key. I'm full of 'em; they'll give me bad dreams as it is.'

They were not, however, the only apartments of which the Duke disapproved. The suite which had been done up entirely for his own use, under Claude's direction, did not long commend itself to the ex-stockman. Everything was far too good for him and his cats; they were not accustomed to such splendour; it made them all four uncomfortable. So Jack declared, after taking Claude's breath away with the eccentric plan on which he had set his heart. And for the remainder of their solitary companionship, each man had his own occupation; the Duke preparing more congenial quarters for himself and the cats; and Claude, with Jack's permission,

and the agent's skilled advice, superintending the making of private golf-links for Mr Sellwood's peculiar behoof. For the Home Secretary had promised to join the Maske party, for the week-ends at any rate, until (as he expressed it) the Government 'holed out.'

That party was now finally arranged. The Frekes were coming with the Sellwoods, and the latter family were to have the newly-decorated suite which the Duke himself disdained. This was his Grace's own idea. Moreover, he interested himself personally in the right ordering of the rooms during the last few days. But this he kept to himself until the eleventh hour; in fact, until he was waiting for the drag to come round, which he was himself going to tool over to Devonholme to meet his guests. It was then that certain unexpected misgivings led Jack to seek out his cousin, in order to take him to see what he had done.

For Claude had shown him what *he* was doing. He was making a set of exceedingly harmless verses, 'To Olivia released from Mayfair,' of which the Duke had already heard the rough draft. The fair copy was in the making even now; in the comparatively small room, at one end of the library, that Jack had already christened the Poet's Corner.

Claude wiped his pen with characteristic care, and then rose readily enough. He followed Jack down the immensely long, galleried, book-lined library, through a cross-fire of coloured lights from the stained-glass windows, and so to the stairs. Overhead there was another long walk, through corridor after corridor which had always reminded Jack of the hotel in town. But at last, in the newly-decorated wing, the Duke took a key from his pocket and put it in a certain door. And now it was Claude who was reminded of the hotel; for a most striking atmospheric change met him on the threshold; only this time it was not a gust of heat but the united perfume of many flowers that came from within.

The room was fairly flooded with fresh roses. It was as though they had either blown through the open window, or fallen in a miraculous shower from the dainty blue ceiling. They pranked the floor in a fine disorder. They studded the table in tiny vases. They hid the mantelpiece, embedded in moss; from the very grate below they peeped like fairy flames, breathing fragrance instead of warmth; and some in falling seemed to have caught in the pictures on the walls, so artfully had they been arranged. Only the white narrow bed had escaped the shower. And in the midst of this, his handiwork, stood the Duke, and blushed like the roses themselves.

'Whose room is this?' asked Claude, though he knew so well.

'Olivia's—I should say Miss Sellwood's. You see, old man, you were writing these awfully clever verses for her; so I felt I should like to have something ready too.'

'Your poem is the best!' exclaimed Claude, with envious, sparkling eyes. And then he sighed.

'Oh, rot,' said Jack, who was only too thankful for his offering to receive the catchet of Claude's approval. 'All I wanted was to keep my end up too. Look here. What do you think of this?'

And he took from a vase on the dressing-table an enormous white bouquet, that opened Claude's eyes wider than before.

'This is for her too; I wanted to consult you about it,' pursued Jack. 'Should I leave it here for her, or should I take it down to the station and present it to her there? Or at dinner to-night? I want to know just what you think.'

'No, not at dinner,' replied Claude; 'nor yet at the station.'

'Not at all, you mean! I see it in your face!' cried the Duke, so that Claude could not answer him. 'But why not?' he added, vehemently. 'Where does the harm come in? It's only a blooming nosegay; what's wrong with it?'

'Nothing,' was the reply, 'only it might embarrass Olivia.'

'Make her uncomfortable?'

'Well, yes; it would be rather marked, you know. A bouquet like that is only fit for a bride.'

'I don't see it,' said Jack, much crestfallen; 'still, if that's so, it's just as well to know it. There was no harm meant. I wasn't thinking of any rot of that kind. However, we don't want to make her uncomfortable; that wasn't the idea at all; so the bouquet's off—like me. Come and let me tool you as far as the boundary fence. I want to show you how we drive four horses up the bush.'

The exhibition made Claude a little nervous; there was too much shouting at the horses, for his taste, and too much cracking of the whip. Jack could crack a whip better than any man in his own stables. But he accepted Claude's criticism with his usual docility; and dropped him at the gates with his unfeeling nod of pure good-humour.

There he sat on the box, in loose rough tweeds of a decent cut, and with the early August sun striking under the brim of a perfectly respectable straw hat, but adding very little to the broad light of his own honest, beaming countenance. He waved his whip, and Claude his hand. Then the whip cracked—but only once—and the poet strolled back to his verses, steeped in thought. He had done his best. His soul divined vaguely what the result might mean to him. But his actual thoughts were characteristically permissible; for he was merely wondering what Lady Caroline and Olivia Sellwood would say now.

BAGDAD.

By H. VALENTINE GEERE.

THE glory of Bagdad is, alas! a thing of bygone days; its wonderful caliphs are no more; and all the magicians, genii, calenders, mysterious barbers, tailors, and such-like folk, of whom we read in the *Arabian Nights*, have taken themselves elsewhere, greatly to the loss of the city. But to a European it is still a most interesting place, for though things modern and occidental are rapidly supplanting things ancient and oriental, the spirit of romance still dwells in the city, and renders it full of glorious possibilities.

The contrast between old and new institutions is in some cases very marked. For instance, a bridge of boats usually connects that part of the

town which is situated on the western bank with the principal part, which is on the eastern bank of the Tigris; but during the time that this bridge was broken away by the floods several steam-launches were run as ferry boats, and it seemed altogether incongruous to see these fussy little boats puffing across the mighty and historical river, crowded with dignified Turks and Arabs. Sometimes a regular wild Bedouin would be amongst the passengers, maintaining an outwardly stoical air, but inwardly, no doubt, regarding the little boats as inventions of the devil; and their noisy sirens (which it apparently afforded the Turkish captains great pleasure to use, for they were kept going nearly all day) made one very inclined to agree with him, and wish them back at their maker's.

In the Bazaar the same struggle for existence may be observed on the part of the old-fashioned ways and products of the East against innovations of recent invention; but the march of 'progress' is unwavering and all-conquering, and it is now only a question of time ere Bagdad will be ruined by too much civilisation.

At present what tends more than anything else to maintain some of the old-world charm about the place is its comparative inaccessibility; but a scheme, emanating from Germany, is now on foot to construct a line of railway from Teheran, which will doubtless do much to 'open it up'—which term of the speculators generally means the ruination of some venerable institutions.

Almost all its imports are brought up the Tigris, and have to be trans-shipped at Busrah, and in many cases at Bombay, but unfortunately this offers no bar to the inrush of European shoddy articles.

The world-famed and picturesque bazaars are simply flooded with the trash which is 'made in Germany,' and the still worse rubbish (in many cases) that goes out of England.

The stalls are filled with Manchester cotton goods of vile quality, and worse design and colouring, which, owing to their low prices, are gradually supplanting the national products, which are in every way their superiors, and in none more so than the artistic.

Of course, in many branches of industry, such as cutlery and saddlery, European goods are undoubtedly ahead of the native articles, from the standpoint of pure utility; but artistically the latter are generally far superior.

The Arabs are frequently imposed upon in a most scandalous manner, for in those parts the principles of commerce appear to be 'every one for himself, and the more honest (or least dishonest) to the wall.' But this applies not only to the native dealer, as the following instance may serve to show. A certain well-known firm in Sheffield has long supplied the Bagdad market with cutlery of sterling quality, which has won for itself quite a name among the Arabs, who invariably look for this firm's trade-mark on anything of the kind, and refuse to take other goods. Now this has come to the ears of certain unprincipled German firms, who are sending out inferior goods, stamped with an imitation of the English firm's trade-mark, which will, of course, injure their trade, not only by competition, but by ruining the reputation which they have built up on the merits of their goods. The worst part

of the business is that, owing to the system of trade, it would be very hard to bring such an offence home, and would certainly be a costly and tedious undertaking.

In the native goods themselves strange anomalies are sometimes seen. Most lovely embroidery work will be put upon cotton of very inferior quality; and in the bazaar the writer noticed a pair of dagger-sheaths tipped with common steel thimbles. Another queer sight is that of a grave old Turk sitting in his stall running up some gorgeous flowing robe, of unmistakable oriental cut and pattern, with a sewing-machine. Imagine some of those magnificent robes, such as Sinbad the Sailor doubtless wore, being made with the aid of a modern fifty-shilling sewing-machine!

It is curious, too, in the shoemakers' stalls to see the pointed yellow or crimson native slippers and boots ranged side by side with French patent-leather shoes, so dear to the heart of the Turkish effendi, and stout goloshes; or in the saddlers' stalls to notice the trim European or Bombay saddles lying next to some gorgeous Arab trappings of blue or crimson velvet, covered with gold embroidery.

The copper-workers' bazaar is most interesting, the clanging of the hammers being quite musical; and the skilled ease with which the workers transform the material into the great cooking pans, or small bowls, as the case may be, remarkable.

The gold and silversmiths' bazaar is another quarter full of fascination for Europeans. It is in a most out-of-the-way part, and entered through a very low and narrow doorway, which, in turn, connects with a short alley, so that its defence would be easy in case of any rioting or disturbance. The bazaar is really a series of stalls or arched chambers situated round the sides of an oblong, and faced by another series which are built in the centre of this oblong, between which rows of little dens (for they are really nothing more) runs a narrow pathway for those having business with the merchants. This footpath is uncovered, and as it gets all the drippings from the roof of the stalls, in addition to the rain which falls direct upon it, and as there is apparently no system of drainage or sanitation in the whole place, its state, as may be readily understood, is not pleasant.

But it is a very picturesque place, with its little fires going in nearly all the shops, and its busy workers who turn out most wonderfully minute work with very clumsy instruments and appliances. The Bagdad goldsmith makes no display of his wares: it would probably be unsafe. He keeps his chains, rings, and bangles, together with whatever precious stones he possesses, in small drawers, or boxes, which can be readily picked up and carried to a place of safety in emergency; or sometimes he will carry about a few of the stones in a purse, and let his customers select therefrom what they will have fitted into the rings or whatever they may be purchasing.

A great many Brummagem gems and Parisian artificial stones find their way to Bagdad, and the wily Oriental frequently gets the better of his customers, despite the delightful air of naive simplicity he assumes while offering a magnificent (English made) ruby for sale as a 'rare

bargain.' The Bagdad jewellery certainly lacks finish in many of its practical points, such as the hinge of a bracelet or the catch of a watch-chain; but its quaintness of design, and the knowledge that it is all handwork, more than compensates for any little defects of such a nature.

The gold the natives work in is generally much purer and softer than that of our English goldsmiths, and it is difficult to get harder metal used. Long silver chains, with an abundance of seal-chain length and tassels, can be bought very cheap; but it is very difficult to get a good plain gold chain unless it be made to order and a pattern supplied.

Occasionally one comes across beautiful bits of design and workmanship in the way of dagger-sheaths or handles, or mountings to pistol stocks; but as a rule such things are scarce.

Even more interesting than the silversmiths' bazaar are the quarters of dealers in antiques. There is a prohibition against the exportation of antiques of a certain class—such as cuneiform tablets, Babylonian stamped bricks, cylinders, seals, &c.—but the trade in those articles is carried on quite briskly; and a little 'backsheesh' properly bestowed will work wonders in the way of getting them past the customs—as indeed it will in every department of that corrupt state.

The demand for such things, and the high prices which have been given for them by Europeans has led to forgeries, of which great numbers are to be found; and as they are becoming more experienced with practice, the makers of these 'antiques' are learning to turn out really capital imitations which would deceive any but experts.

When taken to task for offering you a forged article, the dealers not uncommonly admit their intentions to defraud you, and express admiration of your cleverness in finding them out—which again shows the curious 'principles' of trading.

A rather amusing incident of this sort is related. A well-known dealer in (and manufacturer of) antiques took a vase to a likely purchaser and offered it for sale at a good price. It was supposed to be a bit of old Babylonian work, and, had it been genuine, would have been most valuable, for it was of splendid design and workmanship; but upon examining it the potential purchaser found on one side a cuneiform inscription, and on the other a cross and the letters I.H.S. interwoven. He at once questioned the dealer on the subject, and accused him of attempting to swindle, which he admitted, saying that he copied the sign from some carving in the French mission buildings. 'But,' he added, with a self-complacent air, 'though it is a forgery, I did it very well.' One of the best known dealers is a cute-looking fellow named Ali Kawdee (at least that is the way his name is pronounced), who has several stores in different parts of the town, where he has enough antiques of all sorts to stock dozens of collectors. There are to be found the cylinders, coins, seals, and tablets already referred to; rugs, daggers, pistols, Persian brasswork and embroidery, old Arab and Turkish rugs, curious packs of cards used in playing some Persian game, and some very curious books illustrated and illuminated by hand. In short, there is something of almost everything; and when once the fascination of examining and purchasing in those quaint, dark little stores is felt, it is likely to leave the pur-

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chaser a much poorer man. Even the highly respectable Ali had numerous forged coins and cylinders in his stock, but he had too some really good articles, for which he would ask the most exorbitant prices, which gradually diminished in bargaining; and finally he would hand over the article with the assurance that he was losing on it, and only sold it on account of his 'great friendship for you,' and so forth.

In walking about the markets one has to be very careful not to get knocked down by horsemen or the laden donkeys, which latter never seem to get out of anybody's way. The donkeys of Bagdad are very different animals from the breed one sees in England, and are often larger than those of Egypt, which are so famous; most of them are imported from Bahrein, and are not only larger and finer animals, but also seem much more intelligent than the donkeys of other parts.

The mules, too, are remarkably fine animals, some being larger than horses and far more valuable, which considering their greater hardiness and longer lives is not surprising.

The streets being so narrow and ill-paved, it is only natural that there are remarkably few wheeled conveyances in Bagdad, the only things in the way of carts being those in use by the military, which are lumbering heavy things, apparently a hundred years old. There are also a few carriages belonging to the consuls and some of the Turkish high dignitaries; but they generally look as if they were put out of use from some very bad jobbing stable in the early part of the century, and had never been painted, upholstered, or even dusted since. The place of carts is taken by porters, who will carry enormous loads, and pack animals, which of course add greatly to the picturesque side of the life of the place.

The streets are infested with scavenger dogs, which manage to pick up a living somehow and are certainly worthy of remark. They are of the type common to so many Eastern towns and cities; are generally the size of a collie, with thick coats of all colours, of which the most common are brown, sable, yellow and brown, and white. In many respects they are not unlike a collie in general appearance; but they carry their tails curled over their backs, their coat is more furry, and the head shorter and broader.

Considering the hard times they have of it in their puppyhood, it is a wonder that they ever live to attain full growth, or at least that their disposition is not rendered savage and treacherous. But as a matter of fact the poor beasts are remarkably quiet and inoffensive, and respond most gratefully to any kindness.

The Turks treat them, of course, without much consideration; but without them to act as scavengers in the streets the place would indeed be in a fearful state, and most dreadfully unhealthy, so that they are really valuable public servants.

One of the most salient features of Bagdad is its number of coffee-houses, where crowds of lazy Orientals sit and smoke their narghilés, and sip strong black coffee, or arak, as the case may be. In the evening the passers-by may hear the droning songs of which the Arabs are so fond, or the music (?) of the tom-tom, for then the dissipation of the place reaches its height.

The arrangements in these places of public refreshment are generally of the simplest kind: a number of low tables are placed all over the room (which generally opens directly into the street, upon which side it is quite open in order to afford a good view of the passers-by and any interesting thing that may go on outside); and on either side of them are wooden benches, sometimes provided with a few cushions, but more often not, on which the patrons sit, cross-legged of course. The coffee is as often as not prepared at a low open fire in the same room, which is generally paved only with mud and entirely devoid of covering.

His narghilé and his black coffee are apparently the great pleasures of life to the Turk; and indeed they play no small part in the business of life as well, for on all occasions of calls upon any official, or in any matter of business, black coffee is served in tiny cups; and as it is generally of excellent quality, the custom is far from an unpleasant one.

All the officialdom of Bagdad centres in the Serai, where the Wali or Governor lives, where justice of a sort is dispensed, and where *teskari*, or passports, without which none may travel, are issued. A visit to this building is interesting enough if you have no important business to transact, which you wish to get settled in a hurry. To see the corridors of that part of the building which is set aside for the administration of justice crowded with excited litigants, awaiting their turn, who while away their time by fighting and quarrelling amongst themselves, is amusing; but after watching the scene for a little time one is apt to go away with a certain feeling of disgust, and to be thankful for not having to form one of the crowd.

In the way of ancient buildings Bagdad has nothing very startling; almost all the houses and bazaars are interesting; but nothing rises above the average, although on the western side of the river stands a tomb, reputedly that of Zobeidah, wife of Haroun-al-Raschid, who did so much for the glory of Bagdad. There are several mosques, each picturesque in its way; but nothing to be compared to those of Constantinople for instance.

The European colony is a small one, but their life is far more agreeable than might be thought possible in that out-of-the-way place. The riding in the summer is simply magnificent, according to all accounts, and the river affords plenty of opportunities for boating; although both exercises have to be taken in the cool of the day—the former in the very early morning, and the latter generally in the evening, when the evening breeze (which is quite regular) renders the temperature bearable.

Soon after I made acquaintance with Bagdad I saw something which first puzzled me, and afterwards amused me very much. A couple of little Arabs were in the roadway, and noticing a European approaching they started a little performance: there was a stone lying in the road, and one of the youngsters moved up to it, with a stick which he was carrying, in a ludicrous burlesque of a golfer. The mimicry was capital; the look ahead to see that all was clear, the careful adjustment of the stone, the ridiculous attitude, and the careful preliminary sweeps with the improvised club were all perfect; and the

humorous twinkle in the boy's eye showed his keen appreciation of his own joke.

Inquiries showed that there is a Bagdad golf-club with some very keen players in it; so that probably the youngster had picked up his knowledge of the game from acting as caddy.

Cricket and tennis are also indulged in, and there is some capital shooting to be had; so that, not to mention minor hobbies, such as photography, there is plenty to pass away the leisure hour, and to prevent any feeling of being exiled.

One of the greatest pests of the place is an eruption known as the 'Bagdad boil,'* from which natives and Europeans alike suffer, and even the poor dogs and other animals have something of the sort.

This horrible boil makes its appearance in the summer, generally attacking men on the legs or arms, and women on the face, as if bent on doing the utmost evil possible; and resists every attempt at curing it, finally only leaving its victims at the approach of winter. Even then it leaves a very deep scar behind it, which is generally a life-long disfigurement, so that it is small wonder that 'the boil' is quite a terror. It is very rare to see a native who is not disfigured by one or more of these terrible scars or sores; but the curious side of the affair is that it is only the dwellers in the towns who appear subject to the evil. Whether it arises from the bad water-supply, the lack of proper (or indeed of any) sanitation, or simply from the over-heating of the blood, and physical exhaustion produced by the climate, is hard to say; but it is certain that any medical man who would take up the subject thoroughly, and discover a remedy for the trouble, would earn for himself not only substantial pecuniary benefit, but the heart-felt gratitude of all whose calling takes them into the parts infested with the trouble.

To experience the charm of the place to the full you want to be living in a house of your own in one of the quaint little narrow streets, rather out of the way of the European colony, which makes it altogether too homelike; and to be able to watch the quiet lazy way in which life moves on there.

The picturesque is on every side: the real seems unreal, and the unreal real. From the flat roof you can see the women in the neighbouring houses, or in the courtyards, engaged in their various duties, such as grinding the corn, winnowing it, making and baking the bread, and so forth.

On some of the roofs you can see one or two sheep feeding on cut grass that is piled before them; on others a graceful gazelle, a pet, will be tied, with which the children of the house are playing, or amusing themselves by teasing, as the case may be; and in most of the yards poultry and a few pigeons strut about. From some of the quaint lattice windows bright eyes shine out, and your vivid imagination pictures the glorious creature to whom they belong; but candour compels me to add that if you obtain a sight of her it is generally only to cruelly dispel any

* Similar troubles are found in Aleppo, Busrah, &c., and are there known as the 'Aleppo boil' or the 'Busrah boil,' as the case may be; but Bagdad seems exceptionally unfortunate in respect to the prevalence of the trouble.

ideas of her beauty that you may have built up for yourself.

You sit and smoke, and as the spirit of the place settles more and more upon you, you feel that it is a good thing to be idle, and think and dream, and envy the Turk his capacity for such enjoyment.

Then evening falls: you hear the hour of prayer announced from the minarets of all the neighbouring mosques, which stand out such prominent features of the scene. Close overhead the storks sail silently homewards, reminding you in some delightfully vague fashion of half-forgotten fairy-tales of your youth. Their quiet flight seems to harmonise perfectly with the dreamy surroundings of the hour; and a deep spirit of peace broods over everything, bringing such content as all the arts of civilisation exerted to their utmost would fail to produce. And then the moon comes out in the clear sky, touching everything with her soft silver light, and converting the scene into a perfect glory, too lovely to attempt any description of, but which must ever remain indelibly impressed upon the memory of any one possessed of a temperament susceptible to such influences.

As you feast your eyes on the fairy scene you feel that to experience once such a moment, and the spirit of peace attendant upon it, amply repays the trouble of getting to Bagdad—even the semi-modernised Bagdad of to-day, so largely spoiled as it is by western influences; and only regret that the pleasant dreamy feeling must be abandoned for the life of action and bustle which present-day progress requires of all, save (apparently) the phlegmatic, indolent Turk.

MY SHARE IN THE WAR.

By F. NORREYS CONNELL,

Author of *The Fool and his Heart*; *In the Green Park*, &c.

You all know how the war of 1870 commenced: how somebody disagreed with somebody else about something or other in Spain, and the Prussians came and battered down our Empire with their shells. But, for sure, you do not know the part I, Jean Antoine Tellier, took in the campaign, which began at Saarbrück and ended in Paris. I was driver No. 1 to gun No. 4 in Captain Millet's battery of field artillery, one of the few crack batteries which had not, on the outbreak of war, been hurried to the frontier. We should have been angry at being left behind had we not known that we were intended as a potential warning to the Communists. When the troops destined to take the field had quitted Paris, we were moved up from our station at Vincennes to quarters within the town itself.

What a perturbed city was Paris in these mad days of July and August! Every one pretending confidence of victory when all knew that it was next to impossible! I remember a copy of General Trochu's book finding its way into our barracks, and being confiscated by the commandant; the owner getting three days' cells for conduct prejudicial to military discipline. I remember our adjutant reading aloud some of

the most striking passages describing the disorganisation of our system of defence, and what clouds of fear seemed to settle on us as we listened. It was a just prelude to the news which leaked out from the papers in spite of themselves. Truth to tell, the journals dreaded to say what they knew in its entirety; I saw the *Gaulois* office wrecked for daring to be first with the news of Sedan.

From that day, broken, humbled, demoralised soldiers commenced to drift back on Paris. Now they came in companies, now in brigades, now in twos and threes. One day there came to the Porte de la Villette a party of drunken Zouaves singing the Marseillaise and cursing the Emperor: they had run all the way from the Ardennes and boasted of their endurance. They shared our quarters; and told us that, having been compelled by their officers to lay down their arms at Sedan, they had subsequently burst the cordon of German sentries and escaped. In reality, as we afterwards found out, they had thrown away their rifles at the first cannon shot at Bazeilles, and scampered from the battle-field like driven geese; unfortunately we learned this too late to treat them as they deserved, and accepted them unquestioningly as luckless brothers in arms, overpowered but not dishonoured. Soon we were to know them for what they were. Ere long, even before the winter, itself before its time, the blustering Germans came tramping down upon our capital.

Judging by their line of direction, General Trochu thought they must attempt the passage of the Seine at or about Ablon; and hoping to catch them in the act, he ordered out General Ducrot with thirty thousand of us—horse, foot, and artillery—to try the chances of war.

I had never been under fire before in my life, and I have never seen a pitched battle since. Save Captain Millet himself, the only one of our battery who had any field service to his name was our brigadier, a veteran of '59. (In France a brigadier is a non-commissioned officer about equivalent in rank to an English corporal.) Our parade form was famous, but I must own we all seemed a little shaky going into action; there was an unnecessary cracking of whips, an unusual slackness of gait, even a nervousness in the way the gun leaders followed their superior's commands; Captain Millet and the brigadier were quite at their ease, but the two lieutenants were vastly unstrung, and, what is worse, let their men feel it.

We were despatched with the advance guard, being the only artillery available to take the fore-front of the battle at a moment's notice; plenty of other guns there were, but all short either of horses or of trained gunners; we ourselves wanted a second captain, and one of our caissons was drawn by cattle fresh from grass and most unhandy. We moved out through the Porte de Montronge at a curate's trot, which we had to drop to a walk while yet within a quarter mile of the fortifications, the battalions in front having clubbed and fallen into disorder owing to

the miscalculations of the staff officers responsible for the dispositions *en route*. It was obvious to the most blind that everything was at sixes and sevens, and the realisation of the crass stupidity of the authorities did not tend to increase our confidence.

Instead of being at Villeneuve-le-Roi by mid-day, as we had not over sanguinely hoped, we found ourselves entering Bagneux; and it was while waiting here for a regiment of hussars to clear the road, and give us room for our twelve-pounders to pass, that we first heard the distant thunder of the enemy's cannon. The knowledge that we were approaching the fighting line without support, for not a soldier of any kind was to be seen save the cavalymen who were obstructing our path, suggested to our commander the advisability of calling a halt, and one man from each gun was told off to seek refreshment for the others at the many *estaminets* which elbowed each other in the village street. That is the one good thing I must say of that day at Bagneux; we all had as much liquor as we could drink, and devil a sou to pay. Indeed, why should we not? Were we not Frenchmen and soldiers! The Prussians burned the place, *estaminets* and all, the day we left it!

Presently up came our supports, as luck would have it, those rogues of Zouaves who had escaped from Sedan; but we had still to learn of what base metal they were made. They came in ill dressed ranks up the village street, and without asking with your leave or by your leave, broke order and flung themselves on the barrels we had rolled into the street.

The officers tried to restore discipline by all means in their power, even going so far as to beat the wretches with the flats of their swords. But all their efforts were in vain, and the tumult might have gone on till night had not a Prussian shell whirled over the house-tops, and striking a drunken corporal, mixed him up so inextricably with a brandy-cask that it would have taken a wine-taster to say which was which.

This dread visitor had much the same effect upon the mob as the sudden advent of the father has upon a disorderly nursery; sobering mechanically, the Zouaves fell into rank; and their officers marched them off in the direction of the enemy before, I think, they quite grasped where they were going.

We followed them at a very short interval, and leaving the village street behind, once more found ourselves with green fields on either side. In front of us the ground rose to a sort of hog's back; and on the crest were French troops in action, stretching out to left and right in a long, irregular, not very imposing line which I took to mark the limit of our defence in force. There was a considerable if somewhat spasmodic rattle of musketry in all directions, but the cannon only spoke occasionally; evidently the shell which had fallen into the village was but a random, and possibly unintended, visitor. There were several gaps in the battle array I saw before me; which were rapidly being filled by troops debouching on the field of battle from three roads at once. One or two ambulance wagons were visible here and there, but the casualties so far were inconsiderable. Now and then a man dropped dead under a stray shot, or came halting

out of action all pale and bloody. As luck would have it, the first really appalling catastrophe was to fall upon our battery. I had whipped up my off leader at the order 'Action front,' and we were galloping briskly into the position allotted us by a flustered staff-officer, when a terrific explosion behind nearly shook me out of my saddle, and my maddened horses bolted. One of the caissons attached to our battery had burst, blowing men, machine, and cattle to atoms. Fortunately, it was the last wagon of the file, or the consequences might have been more dreadful still.

I had great difficulty in regaining command of my horses, and keeping my alignment with the three guns in front. The terrified brutes nearly kicked the traces to bits; at length, with whip and spur, I mastered them. Luckily the pair behind were of a somewhat heavier type than usually find their way into field batteries, and they kept the equilibrium of the team.

At last I got them together and dashed into position, dropped my gun, and wheeled into station behind it, my horses still restive, prancing at every bullet. Captain Millet had dismounted, and was standing by gun No. 1 on my left, making his calculations, paper and pencil in hand. Our objective, as I guessed, was a small farm-house far away beneath us in the valley from which the smoke of small arms sputtered unceasingly. Between us and it were dotted considerable numbers of voltigeurs forming our skirmishing line. At first they all seemed to be advancing on the farm-house, but suddenly it struck me that only about half of them were actually in motion, and then I drew a long breath as I realised that the others were probably dead. The difficulty we were in was to avoid the danger of killing our own men with our shells.

Captain Millet finished his calculations. He gave his orders, a common shell was rammed home, the screw twisted to the elevation, then . . .

'Fire!'

With a sharp detonation the projectile bursts from the body of the gun, and soaring quicker than sound above the heads of our skirmishers, seems to drop perpendicularly upon the enemy's post . . . but no, it has fallen to the farther side; the elevation was too great.

I carry my eyes back to our own position, and I see one of our gunners on the ground; a bullet had struck him dead while watching the flight of the projectile he himself had aimed.

Gun No. 2 stands loaded, the captain turns his attention to it: no calculations this time: the trail is slung round to get the direction, a slightly less elevation is ordered—bang!

This time we have them, a chimney-stack and roof collapse under our metal, and we hear the distant crack of the tumbling beams.

Now all our guns open on this mark, and my horses quiver and neigh in distress at the bellowing mouths of fire.

Our brigadier chuckles as we see the dark forms of the foreign soldiers quitting the no longer tenable building, and seeking shelter in the wood behind. But our mirth is short-lived; for, with the rumble of doom itself, a huge Prussian battery, masked by the trees and farm,

launches shot and shell headlong upon us. Almost before we know whence comes the storm, a howitzer is dismounted, a team butchered, one of our lieutenants and ten men stretched lifeless and horrible upon the ground. We try to work our pieces faster, but in vain: another gun is silenced, three more servants down: we must fall back. With difficulty I bring my limber up to my gun; it is hooked on, and I am about to stretch my horses to the gallop, when crack goes the wheel, struck by a spent shot, and the piece lurches forward on the rutted ground. Captain Millet springs from the horse on which he has just vaulted, and helps the gunners to take our spare wheel from the caisson in our rear, trundle it up and mount it on the broken piece. What a labour! with rifle bullet and shell whizzing past our ears, or ploughing the sod beneath us, our cattle frantic almost beyond management! The other guns are pushed on ahead, and we are left alone while our wheel is hammered to the axle and the linchpin driven home.

At last 'Forward' comes the word, even as our captain falls—O irony of Fate that respects not even the brave—struck from behind. But the enemy are upon us, and we dare not stop to pick him up. At the grand gallop we plunge from the field on to the high-road, and tear down it far in the rear of the three other guns of our battery which have escaped from the field.

Down at Bagneux we come on our friends the Zouaves, in scandalous deroute, drunk with absinthe and fear.

'Drive over them!' shouts my brigadier with a curse. I hear a shriek, then feel the crunch of limbs beneath my horses' hoofs. One of the Zouaves fires after us, and the driver behind me falls from his saddle under the scurrying wheels. On we go at the gallop. Suddenly a shout of terror in front makes me look up; a posse of the enemy's hussars have ridden through our lines, and are sabring the fugitives in the road before us. The brigadier sees them, and clutches the bridle of the riderless horse behind me.

'Gallop for everything!' he shouts. Our whips sweep through the air, and yet an increase of pace is flogged out of our team. The hussars see us coming, and gallop to meet us, waving their swords.

'Halt! Halt! Halt!'

I bend my head, raising my whip as a guard, I shut my eyes.

I hear the hoofs click, the chains crash, the wheels thump, as we dash down upon them. The clash of steel, the thud of an opposing body, the snap of a revolver, a shout of agony: gun and limber leap in the air, but we do not stop. Faster and faster we fly, for now we have reached the descending gradient where the road sweeps down to the Porte de Montrouge.

I breathe again, I open my eyes, I look around: I am alone, galloping six wild horses and a blood-splashed gun at headlong speed to Paris.

Terror leaves me and I sing some noisy boulevard song, keeping time with my cracking whip.

Then suddenly the gray fortifications stretch out before me, and I hear a fat national guard roaring:

'Lache! Lache! Lache!'

But I have saved my gun.

EXPERIMENTS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

PROMPTED by the desire to find out what influence different climates, especially residence among high mountains, exerted on the health of the tourist and of sufferers from diseases of the lungs, Dr W. Marcet, F.R.S., about twenty years ago, commenced an exhaustive series of experiments into the chemical work of the lungs under different conditions. Many of these experiments, which are still being carried out, were made on the mountains, and possess considerable interest for the ordinary reader on account of their picturesqueness as well as for their scientific results. The starting points was Yvoire—a little town on the beautiful Savoy shore of the Lake of Geneva, where the deep blue water lies placidly at the foot of the old square château.

Dr Marcet, who comes of an old Anglo-Swiss family, and is an experienced mountaineer, carried out numerous experiments at the well-known Hospice of the Great St Bernard; the Rifel Hotel, Zermatt; the hut in the St Theodule pass, at a height of nearly 11,000 feet; and the summit of the Breithorn, nearly 14,000 feet. Yvoire itself is 1230 feet above sea-level, but the difference of height between the Lake of Geneva and the mountains (about 9000 feet) was quite sufficient for the purpose Dr Marcet had in view. At each station experiments were made sitting, or walking on level ground, or walking uphill; the breath in each case being collected in a large india-rubber bag, and examined chemically as soon afterwards as possible.

The Breithorn, although nearly as high as its neighbour, the Matterhorn, is easy to climb, and Dr Marcet ascended it with his instruments on three different occasions, staying on the summit for five or six hours. Eight successive days were spent amongst the snow on the St Theodule pass, and, during another year, three days were spent there, one of them being devoted to an ascent of the Breithorn.

One of the processes gone through in analysing the air from the lungs consists in shaking up a vessel full of the air with a solution of baryta, analogous to lime-water. On shaking, the carbonic acid in the breathed air turns the clear solution quite white, and Dr Marcet relates with great glee an incident in connection with this that occurred outside the Hospice of the Great St Bernard. Experiments were being made in the open air, not far from the monastery, by Dr Marcet and his guide, when they were surrounded by a large party of tourists, who regarded the whole proceeding with open-mouthed astonish-

ment. Their wonder was still further increased when the clear liquid was turned white by being shaken up with air. On questions being put to the guide, he informed them, with a solemn face and an air of great secrecy, that a factory for the manufacture of condensed milk was about to be erected there, and that what they had seen was part of a preliminary experiment.

The results of all this work showed that breathing on the mountains at moderate heights was easier than at sea-level, and that, owing to the lower pressure, the lungs got more work out of the air they took in. This is no doubt one of the reasons why mountainous climates are good for people with lung-troubles. Another fact brought out was that a much larger quantity of carbonic acid was produced at high altitudes than on the plains; in other words, the human fires required a great deal more fuel on the tops of the mountains than they did at the bottom when the body was at rest. In everything else, however, there was no practical difference between the mountains and the plains.

In addition to these experiments, Dr Marcet ascended the Col du Géant with his instruments, but the investigator and his assistant suffered so severely from the cold that few satisfactory results were obtained. During the ascent and descent of the Col, Dr Marcet was astonished at the strength and skill of his porters from Courmayeur on the Italian side of the Mount Blanc range. The baggage, consisting of a large box weighing eighty-eight pounds, a basket weighing seventy-seven pounds, and another load not quite so heavy, was entrusted to three porters, who had to carry it over rocks where it was difficult for a person free from encumbrance to obtain a secure footing. Before reaching the summit of the Col, which was situated more than 6000 feet above the inn whence they started, a steep snow *arête* had to be climbed. The slope was so sharp that a slip was expected at every step, but the men took it quite as a matter of course. On the return journey it was thought advisable to 'secure a fourth porter. Even then the investigator's attention was divided between fears for the safety of the eighty-eight pounds package and its bearer and admiration for the man's skill and fearlessness. 'To see a man with such a load on his back balancing himself on his right foot, then bending his knee slowly and gradually, and searching for a slight projecting rock several feet below where to land safely the tip of his left foot, could not but make me feel very anxious,' says Dr Marcet in one of his works (*Southern and Swiss Health Resorts*, Churchill). 'Another man was at hand ready to seize hold of the box in case of a slip, and avert one of the principal dangers, that of the bearer having his legs crushed under the weight he was carrying.'

The next problem that arose was whether the large amount of fuel burnt in the body when at rest on the mountains was due to cold or was due in some way to the height. In order to settle this point, Dr Marcet undertook an expedition to Teneriffe. The advantage presented by the island of Teneriffe was that its Peak rises almost sheer out of the sea to a height of nearly

12,000 feet, and is as warm at the top as it is at the bottom. The same guide from Chamonix who assisted Dr Marcet in Switzerland accompanied him to Teneriffe.

The first camp was made at the foot of Mount Guajara in the old crater surrounding the Peak itself, which rises to a farther height of 5500 feet, making 12,200 feet in all. The tent, that had been brought up on mule-back with the rest of the baggage and instruments, was pitched on a patch of white baked clay, a fire was made out of dead retama bushes, and the small party soon became as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The retama—a kind of broom—is almost the only thing that will grow on the upper portion of the Peak, and the landscape surrounding the camp was dreary and arid in the extreme. The bushes, however, sufficed to maintain animal life in the shape of bees and rabbits. On one occasion, Dr Marcet saw one hundred and forty rude hives arranged in rows, and near them a little group of men and children. The men employed their time in hunting rabbits with dogs. The heat was enormous during the day-time, and experiments would have been quite out of the question without the wooden sun-shelter that had been erected near the tent. Professor Piazzzi Smyth, who made some astronomical observations on Mount Guajara in 1856, found the temperature in the sun to be 212° Fahrenheit, a little over the boiling-point of water. The nights were equally cold, water placed in the open being converted into solid ice by the morning. The dryness of the air was very remarkable. Deal boxes exposed to the sun split in all directions. The skins of the observers became dry and scaly so that it was unpleasant to touch anything, and the smallest cut was very painful. 'Washing-up' after meals was the most objectionable duty of the day, but as water had to be fetched from a little spring some distance off and the supply was limited, cleanly scruples were easily satisfied. Another curious effect of the dryness of the atmosphere was that meat kept good for any length of time. Even the efforts of the flies had no effect upon it. The same thing has been noticed by several observers in Upper Egypt and on the American prairies.

After experimenting at Mount Guajara for twelve days, the camp was moved to Alta Vista, 10,700 feet above sea-level, and within easy distance of the summit of the terminal cone. The tent was pitched under the shelter of a large rock between two lava streams, being surrounded on nearly every side by piled-up masses of black lava. Water was obtained in a curious way. Not far from the camp was a chasm thirteen feet by seven and a half feet, giving entrance to a cave in the lava about fourteen feet deep. At the bottom of the cave was a pool of water overlying a mass of ice, and on the higher portion of the cave snow was piled up. It appeared that during the winter snow was driven into the cave by the wind, and this melts gradually during the summer months. Dr Marcet thinks it likely that the cave was formed by an escape of gas in the lava.

From Alta Vista a good view of the cloud bank below was always to be had. This cloud stratum is about 2000 feet thick, beginning at about 3000 feet above the sea, and ending at

about 5500 feet. Occasionally glimpses of the sea and the fertile portions of the island were obtained, and Dr Marcet was surprised once or twice to notice that the sea was quite rough, although there was not a breath of wind on the Peak at the time. The magnificence of the cloud panorama was beyond description. Wave upon wave lay in the motionless sea of clouds about 4000 feet below the camp. Gigantic waterfalls, or rather cloudfalls, met, simulating motionless torrents pouring over rocks. Where the island of Grand Canary rose up, there was a break and a patch of blue sea; whilst in one spot was a gigantic shadow in the cloud-sea—the shadow of the Peak itself with its terminal cone. No words could picture the appearance of the clouds at sunset.

On two occasions the summit of the terminal cone was reached, the instruments being carried in knapsacks over the masses of lava. The crater was of dazzling whiteness, about thirty-five feet deep, and nearly a mile in circumference. Sulphurous fumes were emitted in several places, and at one spot a real 'solfatara,' giving out steam and great heat, was discovered. The view of the black sea of lava contrasted against the rolling masses of the white clouds, through which could be seen patches of the lower portion of the island and the blue sea, must have been very weird and beautiful.

On the day after the second ascent the party returned to the coast, and Dr Marcet was soon in a position to sum up the results of his scientific labours. As had been expected, it was found that height apart from cold exercised no influence on the amount of fuel consumed in the body. Several other interesting points have been brought out. Amongst other things it was found that the amount of moisture exhaled from the lungs in the Peak had been very great.

Since the Teneriffe expedition Dr Marcet's work on respiration has been mostly confined to the unromantic surroundings of a laboratory in London; and those who are interested in the scientific side of the question will find his results summed up in the accounts of the Croonian Lectures, published in the *Lancet* and *British Medical Journal* for 1895. A brief account of them appears also in a recent number of *Knowledge*.

'IN A PINE-WOOD.'

THE waves are breaking on some far-off strand,
And as the fresh wind sweeps across the land
It bears sea-melodies to this still grove,
This squirrel-haunted spot, where the wild dove
Mourns undisturbed amid the solemn pines:
While high above, the branches bend and sway,
Battling the breeze. Beneath in serried lines
The stately stems stand in unmoved array;
And soft green fronds at intervals show clear
Their vivid tints against the sombre bed
Of scented pine-points strewn there year by year.
Then, sudden as it came, high overhead
Past whirls the wind, and down the purpling glades
Night's silence settles as the daylight fades.

OLIVE MOLESWORTH.

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